

MUSICAL COMEDY NUMBER

JULIE

GEO. M. COHAN
MADGE KENNEDY
EDDIE CANTOR
FLORENCE MOORE
EDITH DAY
GILDA GRAY

FRANK TINNEY
AL JOLSON
ROLAND YOUNG
W. C. FIELDS
FANNIE BRICE
CHARLES RUGGLES



JUDGE'S 50-50 CONTEST

No. 11



Shopper—Have you something for an evening affair?
Salesgirl—.....

You can originate a clever second line for this joke!

JUDGE will award a prize of \$25 for the cleverest second line in the above conversation.

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of Judge may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted but none will be returned. No. 11 Contest closes March 25, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the April 26, 1924, issue of Judge, and check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that day. In the meantime, No. 12 will appear next week.

Write one line on a postcard, sign your name and mail to Fifty-fifty Editor of Judge, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

All answers, to be considered, must be received not later than March 25, 1924.



JUDGE THEATRE



NOTICE—This magazine, with every page occupied, can be emptied in less than ninety minutes. Choose NOW the exit nearest to you, and in case of hysterics, walk (do not run) to that exit

Beginning Saturday Morning, March 15, 1924

JUDGE

Presents

THE MUSICAL COMEDY NUMBER

(Words and Music by the Editors)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

James Montgomery Flagg
Frank Tinney
G. B. Inwood
Donald McKee
John Held, Jr.
Fanny Brice
Sanford Tousey
Madge Kennedy
W. G. Farr
Eddie Cantor
Edith Day
Crawford Young
Robert Patterson

Irving Berlin
R. B. Fuller
Milt Gross
Mary Hay
Charles Ruggles
Florence Moore
George Jean Nathan
A. J. Trembath
W. J. Enright
Wm. Morris Houghton
Ralph Barton
A. B. Walker
Robert Cyril O'Brien

H. L. Moffet
Frank Hanley
Walter Prichard Eaton
Paul Reilly
Al Jolson
W. C. Fields
Wm. Sanford
Corey Ford
George M. Cohan
James J. Corbett
Gilda Gray
Roland Young
Ernest Glendenning

PROGRAM CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING



All
good stores

Maillard
NEW YORK

MENTHE MELANGE

Mixture 15 Mints—Delightfully Refreshing



THE FIRST MUSICAL COMEDY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ADAM AND EVE IN BANDANNAS
 SANG GAILY IN EDEN'S SAVANNAHS
 AND THE ICHTHYOSAURUS
 JOINED WELL IN THE CHORUS
 OF "YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS"!

Frank Tinney Tells Frank Tours, Orchestra Leader of the Music Box, How He Got in the Show

Tinney—Hello, Frank.

Tours—Hello, Frank.

Tinney—Hello, Frank.

Tours—Hello, Frank.

Tinney—We ain't gettin' nowhere now you call me Frank an' I—a—a—I'll call you Buddy, see, 'at's what I'll do alright, then we'll—

Tours—I'm no Buddy.

Tinney—We won't argue about that.

Tours—No?

Tinney—Well here I am in the Music Box. They had a hard time gettin' me alright they did.

Tours—I'll bet.

Tinney—They didn't need me the first year—they didn't. This bein' a new theater people came outa curiosity see—the second year the guys what seen the theater tol' their friends. The third year they couldn't do without me, they couldn't.



"Daughter, is it true what folks hev been a-sayin' 'bout you goin' into musical comedy?"
"They lied, mother! I'm a shoplifter!"



"Words and Music."

Tours—No?

Tinney—No, they couldn't—Sam Harris, he come over to my office in front of the Times building, see, and he says to me—Frank, we need you— Mr. Harris doesn't like it when I drink, he doesn't. He wouldn't engage me when I was intoxicated, see—and he knew I wouldn't sign no contract with him when I was sober. So they took me over to Irving's house. Irving's house—there's a place.

Tours—Yea?

Tinney—Wine just flows like glue. Sam says to me—take one drink and come over at eight—and then he an' Irving left. I forgot whether he says take one drink and come over at eight or take eight drinks and come over at one. But I give meself the benefit of the doubt.

Tours—What did you drink?

Tinney—Well, they had two kinds of liquor. One kind was \$90 a case, the other kind was \$60 a case—see? They was both the same, though—only the labels on the \$90 kind was printed in two colors.

Tours—What did you do afterwards?

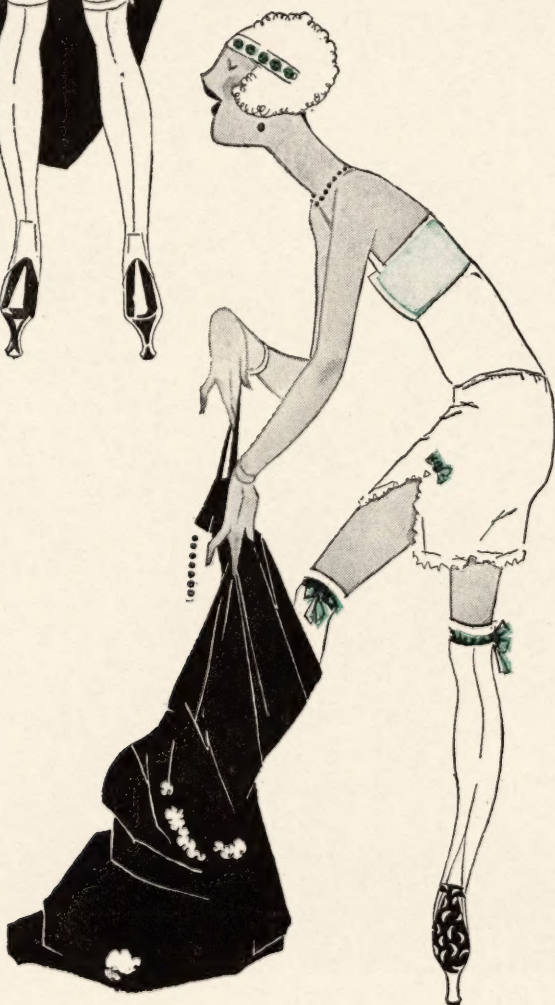
Tinney—Huh?

Tours—I said what did you do afterwards?

Tinney—We went riding in Irving's machine—beautiful car Irving has. Yea—they're so many mortgages on it he calls it the covered wagon!

HELD'S FOLLIES

Disclosing the American Girl



—and the
American Man!

Enter Fannie Brice

I WAS told to write some laughing business—well, here goes:

"Well, Sam, how's business to-day?"

"Won'erful, Abe, won'erful! Just got 'n order for \$25,000."

"I don't believe you," says Abe.

"I'm telling you the truth, Sam, I took in an order for \$25,000."

"And I'm telling y', Abe, I don't believe you!"

"Sam, you shouldn't live another minute if I didn't take an order for \$25,000. What business did you do to-day?"

"Who, me? I just got an order for \$35,000."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Abe. If you come down a little, I'll come down a little."

* * *

I met Eddie Cantor the other day and he was all worried and excited. When I asked him what the trouble was, he said:

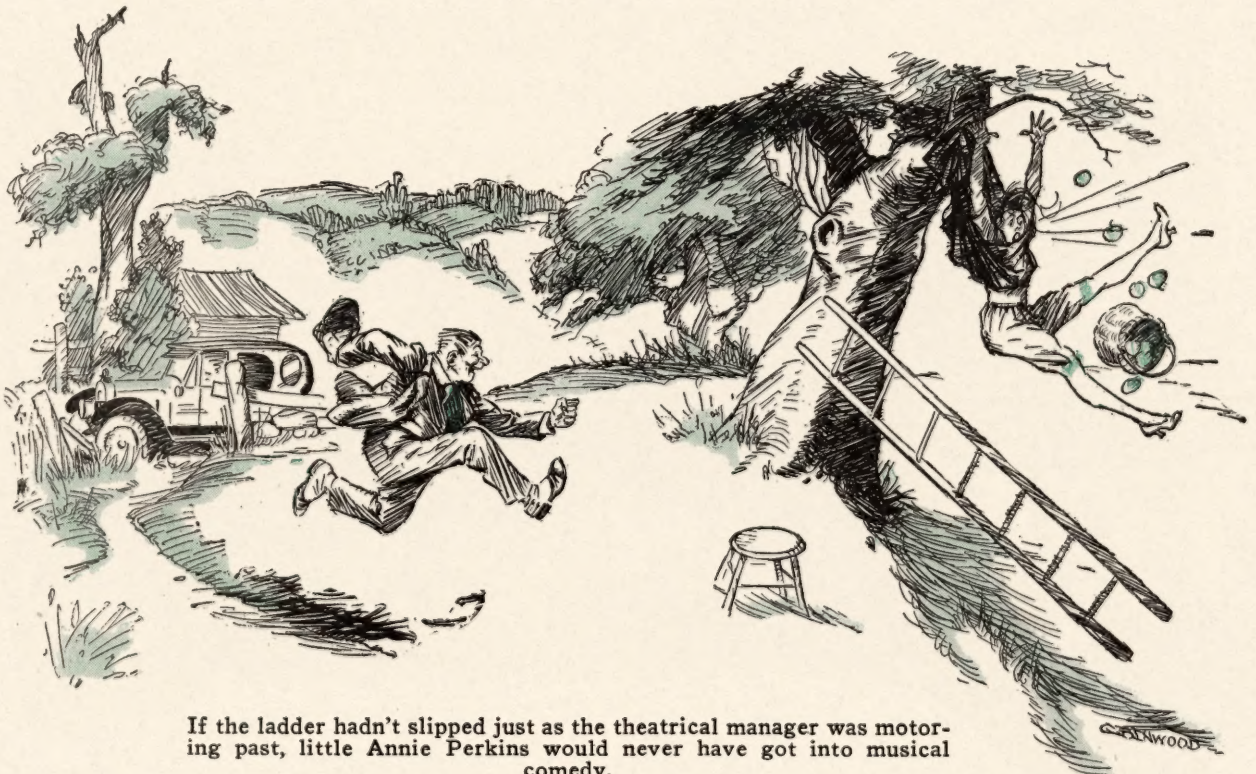
"My Gawd, Fannie, I just lost \$1,000 and I can't find it any place. I've looked in every pocket except my inside pocket, but it doesn't seem to be anywhere."

"What's the matter with the inside pocket?" I asked. "Why don't you look there?"

"Gee, if it isn't there, I'll drop dead!"



Two good seats on the isle.
Suggested by Al Jolson.



If the ladder hadn't slipped just as the theatrical manager was motor-ing past, little Annie Perkins would never have got into musical comedy.



I N T E R M I S S I O N

Something New in Musical Comedy

THERE have been so many complaints of late that musical comedies are all alike that I have decided to do something about it. In fact I have hit upon a perfectly marvelous new idea for a musical show.

Not only has the plot never been thought of before, but it includes features that will prove as delightful as they are novel.

In the first place let me explain that the inspiration came to me while reading an ancient folk tale called "Cinderella, or the Fairy Godmother." Suddenly I was struck by a thought that here was a terribly cute idea for a musical comedy.

Why not have a musical comedy about a poor girl who has a pretty tough time of it through the first act and the intermission, but who achieves

riches and fame at half past ten and is enfolded in the arms of one of the handsomest members of The Lambs at three minutes of eleven?

What a relief from the type of musical pieces one sees nowanights! What an opportunity for some one to do for musical comedy what Ibsen did for—whatever he did it for or to!

And why not name the piece after the little girl whose rise to fame and fortune was to be so breathlessly followed by palpitating audiences?

Why not, incidentally, insure their breathlessness and palpitation by charging prices at the box office that will not only take away their breath, but be certain to affect the heart action as well?

In the matter of names, the outstanding ones of those presenting themselves to me were Lizzie and Mame. Perhaps others may think of a more

striking title for our little play. I can't.

Why not (to resume) have a gorgeous, but not-to-be-trusted heiress also in love with the rich and handsome juvenile and have her say mean things and do mean tricks to Lizzie? Why not give Lizzie a song about the sun behind the clouds or the rainbow after the rain or the snow at the end of a long, hot winter or something about the weather? Why not lay the scenes at a country place on Long Island?

Why not—but I couldn't possibly have space to catalog all of the epochal ideas that came to me.

I can only say that I firmly believe if some adventurous spirit would cast precedent to the winds and construct a musical comedy on these lines, it would be a tremendous success.

Why not?

MADGE KENNEDY.



"He's a good comedian, eh?"
 "Comedian—he's getting a laugh out of De Wolf Hopper with a story about a man that had to pay alimony!"



I N T E R M I S S I O N

Between the Acts

BY EDDIE CANTOR

I'VE BEEN ASKED by the Editor of JUDGE to be a real he-editor for the Musical Comedy Number and to write a few comical words. If course I'm not getting any money for this so they won't be much good, but there's a show over at the Earl Carroll Theater called "Kid Boots," matinees Thursdays and Saturdays, \$3 top (for matinees) which is a bear, so if you don't like this article, or whatever it is supposed to be, come over and see it. The show I mean.

Speaking of "Kid Boots," I heard a couple of actors talking over at the Lambs Club the other day, so I tuned in, and this is what I got.

"Shakespeare, my boy, brings home things you never saw before."

"So does my laundry!"

(Pause for laughter.)

You know I've found out now it's hard work trying to be funny in a magazine. When I'm on the stage at the Earl Carroll Theater, where "Kid Boots" is playing—matinees Thursdays and Saturdays—seats on sale at all specula-

tors, I can see my audience and tell whether my stuff is going over or not, but here in JUDGE it's like talking into a radio.

Speaking of radios, reminds me of the rube who came up to the box office of the Earl Carroll Theater where "Kid Boots" is playing, with matinees Thursdays and Saturdays, and asked for a seat. When the bandit, I mean the box office man said, "\$5.50," the rube yelled, "Too much money!" The ban—the box office gent offered him a seat in the balcony for \$3.30 and the rube said, "What's going on up there?" That concludes my performance for this evening. Next week "East Lynn."

And don't forget to see "Kid Boots" over at the Earl Carroll Theater, matinees Thursdays and Saturdays!



There once was a man who wrote a musical comedy lyric in which he did not rhyme *true* and *you* and *blue*. But the lyric was never sung and the man is now doing well in the coal business.

People I've Never Met

BY EDITH DAY

A STAR who gives her understudy a chance.

A manager who pays actors more than they are worth.

An author who ever shoulders his share of blame when his play is a fizzle.

A stage manager who encourages loud speaking and noise back stage.

A musical director who always keeps perfect tempo.

A drummer who doesn't think he is the most important member of the orchestra.

An electrician who doesn't own a radio.

A chorus man from the United States army.

A chorus girl who always trots right home after the performance nightly and shows up in good form for the matinée.

An actor who feels that almost anyone else could do as well as he in his part.

A stage doorman who tells the process server that he cannot enter.

A wardrobe mistress who isn't trying to save money for the management.

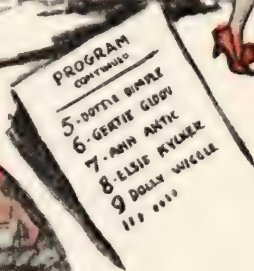


The genesis of a "Mother" song.



Billie Burke—But, Flo, I told you to get a plain cook!

The Influence of Football on Musical Comedy



NUMBERING THE CHORUS
(For the benefit of tired business man.)



"The cheering section."



"Between halves."



"Thrown for a loss."



R.B. FULLEN

"The substitute."

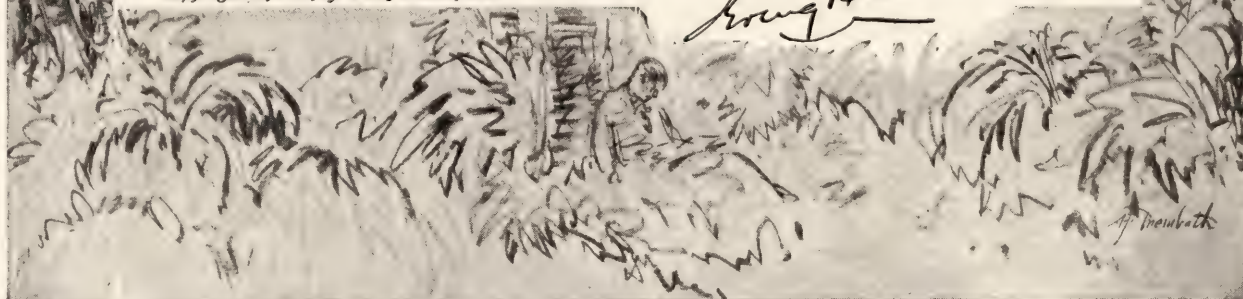


(Chorus.)

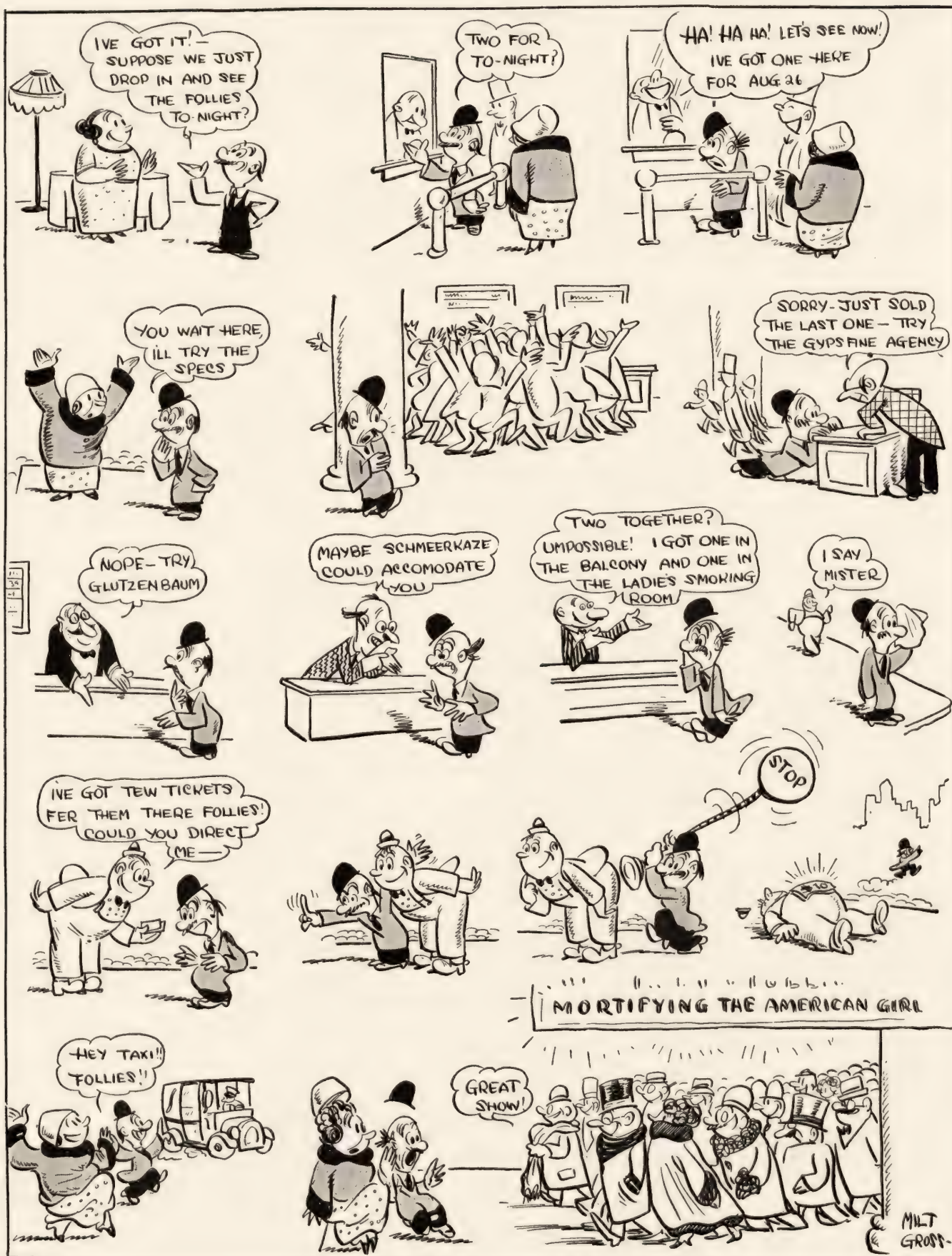
La-z-y - I want to be La-z-y
 - I'm long-ing to lay in the sun - with no work
 - to be done Un-der that awn-er-ing - they call the
 sky - stretch-ing and yawn-ing - and let the world-
 - go- drift-ing by - I want na nap thro' the deep
 tang-led wild- wood- Count-ing sheep till I sleep
 - like a child- would- with a great big va-
 lise-ful of books to read where its peace-ful while
 I'm kill-ing time- be-ing La - z-y.

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Irving Berlin



Nowadays a man hasn't a show for his money!





I N T E R M I S S I O N

Mary Hay's 'Diary (as Her Press Agent Would Have You Believe)

6.00 A.M. Arise, and after cold plunge in frozen milk bath, join my husband Dick, in ten mile dash around our track.

7.00 A.M. Hunt Welsh rabbits, catch two, which we fry over wood fire in the woods for our breakfast.

10.00 A.M. Attend laying cornerstone of new orphanage which I have endowed.

11.00 A.M. Lecture Spences school girls.

12.00 NOON. Entertain Prince of Wales, President Coolidge and John T. King at luncheon at Pierre's.

1.00 P.M. Pick out several hundred simple frocks for coming occasions.

2.00-5.00 P.M. Matinée.

5.30 P.M. Tea at Ritz with husband.

6.00 P.M. See first showing of husband's newest film epic. (Chance for nap.)

7.00 P.M. Guest of honor at dinner given by Mrs. Morgan-Astorbilt.

8.00-11.00 P.M. Evening performance. Do needlework for needy Nubians; read ten latest novels and complete eighteen chapters of my autobiography.

11.30 P.M. Break bottles (eight cases) champagne at christening new supper club, "The Inn-somnia."

4.00 A.M. Drive home to the little old farmhouse in our Rolls.

Charles Ruggles Tells One

We won't mention any names, but we saw an actor the other night who was under the influence of Prohibition. He was standing on the curb in the rain, feeding a cab horse doughnuts.

"What's the big idea?" I asked him.

"I jush wanna shee how many doughnuts the darn fool will eat without a cuppa coffee."

Florence Moore Steps Out

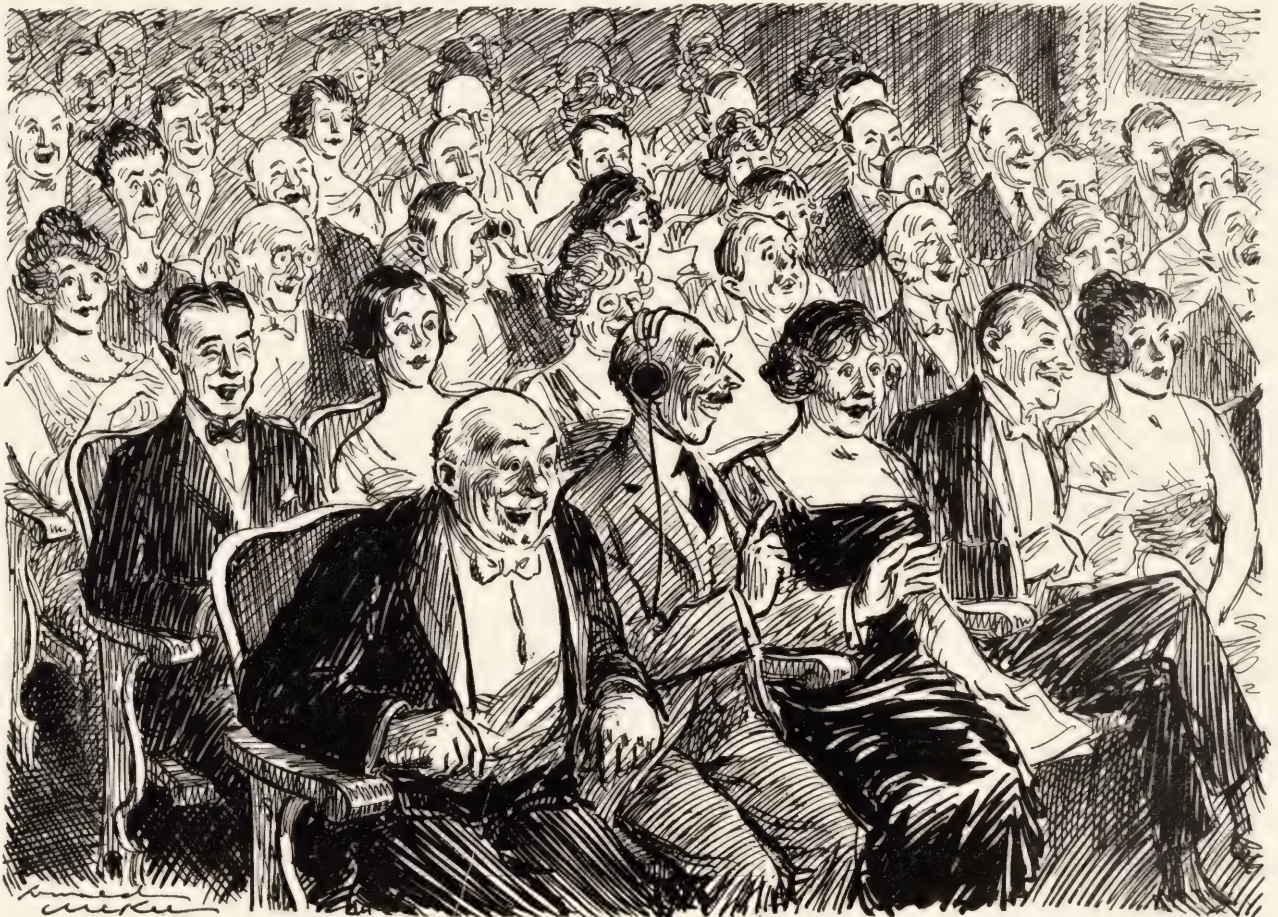
I AM an anesthetic dancer
Tripping the light fantastic
In bare feet
And the lining of last year's coat.
I represent spring, and pose
As various kinds of vegetables
To music.

I can hear birds
And woodland nymphs
That other people can't—
At least I pretend so.

In summer
I love to flit on the green
Interpreting emotions
And pipes of Pan.

I love anesthetic dancing
As long as there are
No busted bottles
Strewn in my pathway.

The Follies of 1924 include making a modern wife live within your income.



Radio Fiend (at the "Follies")—What do you think, Maria? I'm getting Louisville, Kentucky, on my pocket set!



I N T E R M I S S I O N

"THE — GIRL"

by George Jean Nathan

I

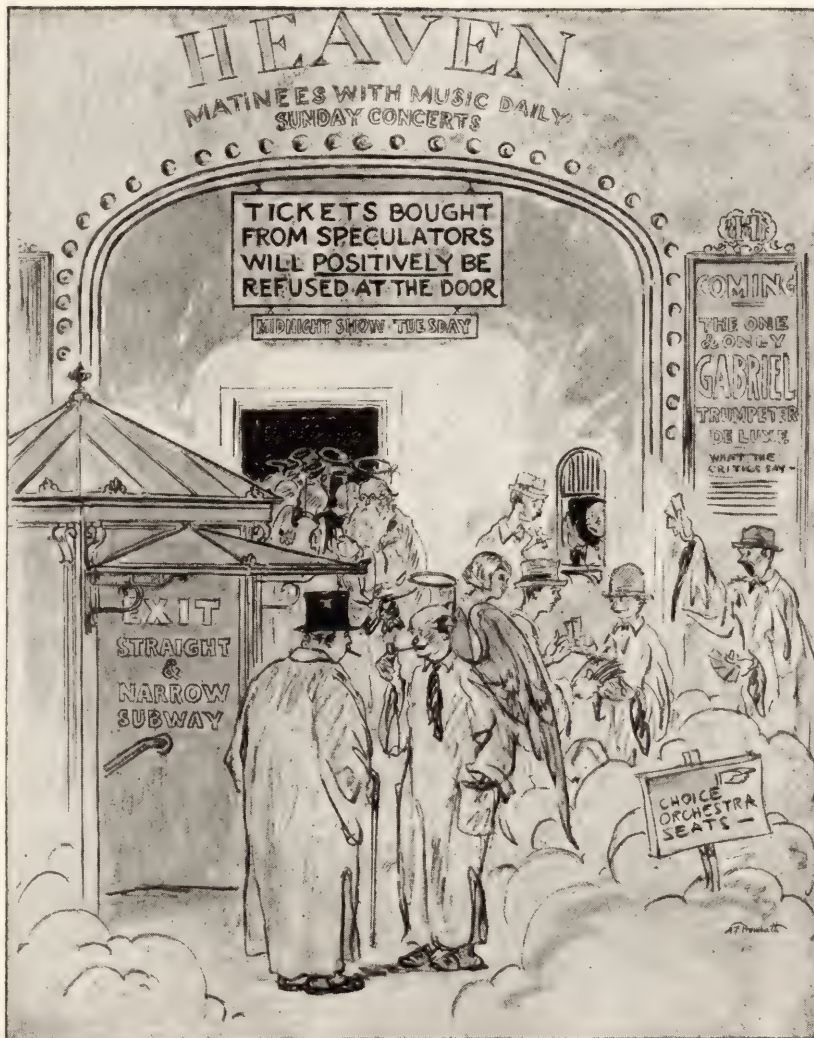
THE LATEST of the "The — Girl" musical comedies is called "The Chiffon Girl." It is like nine-tenths of the "The — Girl" musical comedies. The ingénue kicks out her right foot every time she sits down and addresses her father as popsy. The juvenile, in the uniform of a naval lieutenant, wishing to be painstakingly precise in his pronunciation by way of pleasing the critics, negotiates such specimens as "I refuse to answer on advice of counsel." The stagehands slowly fade the red gelatine slides into purple as the sentimental songs get under way. The English comedian gets all mixed up when he tries to use American slang, and periodically, in his confusion, drops the monocle out of his eye. The head of a Prohibition organization is, after much eye-winking and hollow coughing, persuaded to take a drink, which he obviously enjoys for all his elaborate pretense to the contrary. When the two young lovers are embracing each other in song on the sofa, the chorus tiptoes in and surprises them in time for the chorus.

While the star sings a song called "Just One Rose," she periodically smells at a rose, and at the chorus the girls come on with large roses sewed on their skirts. For the curtain to one of the acts—the song is entitled "The Chiffon Girl"—the star stands on a chair in the center of the stage and acts

as a pivot for the chorus girls, each of whom holds the end of a long piece of colored chiffon and circles around her. There is a song called "1908" in which the four male principals sway back and forth close to the footlights singing, "The women all wore wrappers and there weren't any flappers in good old nineteen eight," and verses of a kidney. The heroine is a poor Italian girl of the lower East Side in the first act and a world famous and expensively dressed opera favorite in the second. The curtain of the second act goes up on the chorus dressed as maids. The song they sing is called "Dust Chasers." They accompany the lyrics with appropriate motions with feather dusters. The love songs

sung by the heroine and the hero are entitled, "We are Sweethearts," "Till the End of Time" and "Bring Back Your Heart to Me." Another song, sung by the ingénue and the juvenile, is named "Cuddle Me Up," while still another is "The Raindrop and the Rose."

Need I go further? The echo answers: Non, Monsieur. "The Chiffon Girl," is, as you see, a typical "The — Girl" musical comedy. The only thing that distinguishes one of these "The — Girl" shows from another is the word that the producer thinks up to fill in the dash. After the producer has thought up this descriptive word, his work is done. Now and again, true enough, some particularly enterprising producer ingeniously thinks up a plan to lend a novel touch to



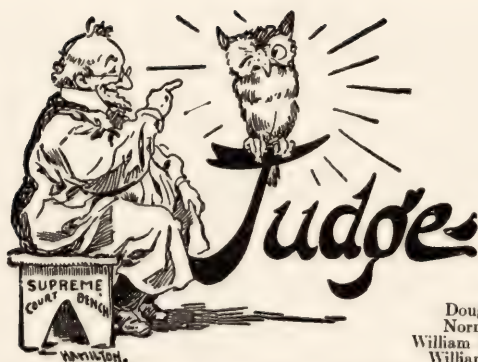
Former Theatergoer—I see they have the same old sign up here. "Yeh. And it means just as much here as it does down below."

the proceedings by coating the dresses and backdrop in the "Sweet Little Glow-worm" number with radium paint, but generally the mere change of the word denoting what kind of girl it is, is considered sufficient to fetch the boobs. In the

(Continued on page 30)



The Follies of Washington



Editors:
Douglas H. Cooke
Norman Anthony
William Morris Houghton
William Edgar Fisher

The Oily Boid Ballet

(From the Follies of Washington)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Oily Boids,

The Members of the Senate Public Lands Committee

Woims,

Various Witnesses before the Senate Public Lands Committee

Lobster Mr. Vanderlip

Marion, the Belligerent Starfish The Marion Star

SCENE—Sunrise on the sands of Palm Beach. In the background is the ocean with the sun just peeping above the horizon. The waves are smooth and heavy and iridescent as if weighted with a light film of oil. In the foreground, reclining as if asleep on the beach, is a little group of human figures, fat and pink, in tight, flesh-colored bathing suits. As the light strengthens they stir to a sitting posture. Each raises to his lips with a flourish an open teapot like a stein.

OPENING CHORUS

(Tune—Johnny Harvard)

Oh, here's to Harry Sinclair
Fill him up a teapot,
Fill him up a teapot to his name and fame;
And at the same time don't forget Doheny,
Fill him up a bumper to the brim.
Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Pass the oil-cup free;
Clink, clink, clink, clink,
Jolly woims are we.
Free from care and despair, what care we,
'Tis oil despoil'd that gives us jollity.

The Oily Boids, armed with artificial forefingers very long and sharply pointed, enter on the run, their senatorial togas streaming in the wind, their angelic wings flapping. They round up into a single line facing the audience and sing, punctuating their lines with menacing thrusts forward of their long forefingers:

CHORUS

(Tune—Our Director)

Hard luck . . . for poor old Den-by!
Tough on McAdoo;
Now, all together,
Smash them and break through-o-oo-o-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
'Gainst . . . the line of bush-wa
They will recoil . . .
Three cheers for Ho-kum!
And down with Oil!
Rah! Rah! Rah! (Shouted.)

Scene 2.

The Woims rise to their feet in dismay. As they do they are charged by the Oily Boids, each one of whom impales a Woim with his deadly forefinger. The Woims, writhing in rhythmic agony, chant dolefully:

CHORUS

(Tune—Gentlemen Rankers)

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To all brethren suffering torments such as these,
Sing some gentlemen of fortune, freshly oiled but badly jammed,
And troopers of the Temptress, if you please.
Yea, troopers of the forces that have always played the horses,
And faith they've gone the pace and gone it blind,
And the World was more than kin while they held the scandal in,
But to-day the Senate's something less than kind.
We're poor little woims who've lost our way.

Baa! Baa! Baa!

We're little black slugs who've gone astray,

Baa—aa—aa!

Political tankers out on a spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa! Yah! Bah!

The Woims sink to the sand inert. Enter the Lobster, pulling a long upper Vanderlip.

LOBSTER (addressing the startled Oily Boids): So you think you're pretty good, don't you, spearing a bunch of insignificant caterpillars. Why, you're nothing but a lot of pee-wees. What we need is a flock of buzzards—real scavengers—who won't stop at anything on the beach. Bet you don't dare tackle that starfish yonder (pointing to Marion who in the meantime has entered quietly and paused a little distance to the right). Look at her front porch! She's so full of oil she can hardly waddle.

Marion, the Belligerent Starfish, approaches the group with surprising agility for one so porchly. She faces the Lobster and breaks in heatedly:

Who said I'm full of oil
When I'm simply full of water?
This guy has slandered me
And he knew he hadn't orter.

MARION (to Lobster): Take that! (She jabs him in the eye to the tune of \$600,000.)

LOBSTER (retreating as he wipes his eye): I feel that I have performed a great public service.

ALL THE OILY BOIDS (in chorus): There's many a slip 'twixt the truth and the Vanderlip.

They seat themselves on the prostrate forms of their respective Woims. It is afternoon and the slanting, golden light filtering through the palms settles upon the scene of carnage like a benediction. They sing:

CLOSING CHORUS

(Tune—Die Wacht am Rhein)

Bright Coolidge years with pleasures rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life,
How quickly are ye gliding by!
Oh, why does time so swiftly fly!
The scandals come, the scandals go,
The earth is green or white with snow
Yet time and cha-a-ange but make us boil
For God, for Cou-u-untry *versus* OIL!

CURTAIN.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHORUS GIRL—by RALPH BARTON



The Business Man—"It's odd that I should still feel so tired!"



The Box Office Man on Sunday—Two good pews down front?



"There, but for the grace of God, goes Will Rogers!"



It's great fun, men!

Mixing your own ideal blend—from the world's twelve best smoking tobaccos in the HUMIDOR SAMPLER
Sent to any smoker, anywhere—on 10 days' approval

A new idea for Pipe-Smokers: 12 famous tobaccos, packed in a handsome Humidor—shipped to you direct to help you find the soul-mate for your pipe.

GUARANTEED BY

The American Tobacco Company

YOU don't know the fun you can get out of your old Briar Buddy until you've tried mixing your own private smoking tobacco. "*Blending Your Own*" is the newest indoor sport, overshadowing Mah Jongg in universal stag interest.

A Test of the 12 Best for only \$1.50

If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:

Blue Bear25
Capitan30
Imperial Cube Cut30
[Medium]	
Imperial Cube Cut30
[Medium]	
Old English Curve Cut15
The Garrick30
Carlton Club15
Yale Mixture25
Three States25
Lone Jack10
Willi Latakia45
Louisiana Perique25
Total	\$3.05

But through the Humidor Sampler you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for \$1.50

It was a grizzled old pipe-veteran who first conceived the unique Humidor Sampler.

The thought came to him suddenly one lazy Sunday when in the privacy of his den, under spreading moose antlers, surrounded by fishing rods and guns, he was experimenting with pipe mixtures, mingling the fragrance and aromas of the twelve best blends.

Out of his mixing bowl he finally drew his heart's desire. But imagine his disappointment when, trying it out on his closest friend, he found it failed to satisfy that friend's smoke taste.

Then came the big idea!

Why not assemble in one shining tray all the world's best tobaccos so that every man could have them before him conveniently and find for himself the one and only mixture?

The idea took like wildfire. The first announcement of this wonderful Humidor Sampler swamped us with orders. And now daily the postman comes to our Marburg Branch, burdened down with letters of appreciation.

As every smoker knows there are myriad brands of tobacco on the market. But among them all there are 12 outstanding basic blends.

To test these 12 basic blends with all their combinations is to reduce the smoker's quest to a simple science. We promise that in this scarlet humidor you will find the perfect blend you seek.

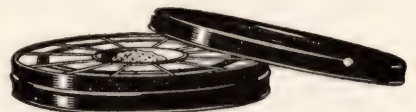
Ten-Day Approval Offer

In looks and in contents the Humidor Sampler is a rare edition, a handsome red lacquered treasure chest—encasing the pick of the world's tobacco leaf.

May we send one of these attractive Humidors to you, parcel post, for 10 days' approval?

You need send no money, simply mail the coupon. When the postman brings the package, pay him \$1.50, plus postage.

If, after ten days' trial of the tobaccos, you're not ready to declare this the best tobacco investment you ever made, return the Humidor and you'll get your \$1.50 and postage back as fast as the mail can carry it.



Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 58
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund \$1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose \$1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid.



Gertie has a lapse of memory and forgets to don her street clothes.

Waist and Hips Reduced With New Girdle Worn Instead of Stiff Corsets

Makes you look inches thinner the moment you put it on and actually removes fat all the while you wear it. Dieting, Exercise, Pills and Self-Denials unnecessary

NO matter how large your waist or how bulging your hips—no matter how many other methods have failed to reduce your excess flesh—here at last is a remarkable new flexible girdle that is guaranteed to improve your appearance at once and to reduce your waist and hips “almost while you wait!”

No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who want to look youthfully slender again. For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful. The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

Actually Reduces Fat Quickly— Pleasantly

Think of it—no more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets! The Madame X Reducing Girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on you look inches thinner! And best of all, it actually makes fat vanish with marvelous rapidity—while you walk, play, work or sleep—and yet does it so gently you hardly know you are wearing it.

Can Be Worn as a Corset All Day Long

Don't confuse the Madame X Reducing Girdle with ordinary belts or stiff corsets. It's radically different! It doesn't merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slender—it actually takes off flesh—gently, pleasantly, surely. Can be worn all day instead of a stiff corset and gives

you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines! At last you can wear all the stylish clothes you want without worrying about your figure.

Produces Same Results as an Expert Masseuse

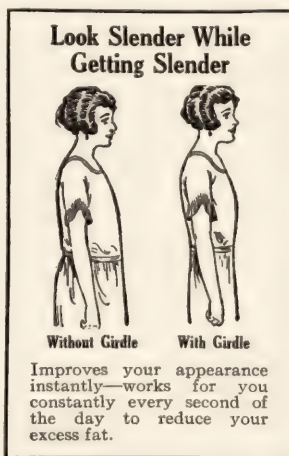
The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. Made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarments. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body!

Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Makes You Look and Feel Years Younger

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation, which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.



The Patented Open Front Insures Perfect Comfort While You Sit, Work or Play. And the Special Lacing Makes the Girdle Easy to Adjust as You Become More Slender.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and learn all about this easy and pleasant way to become fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price special trial offer. The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. G-123, 404 Fourth Ave., New York.

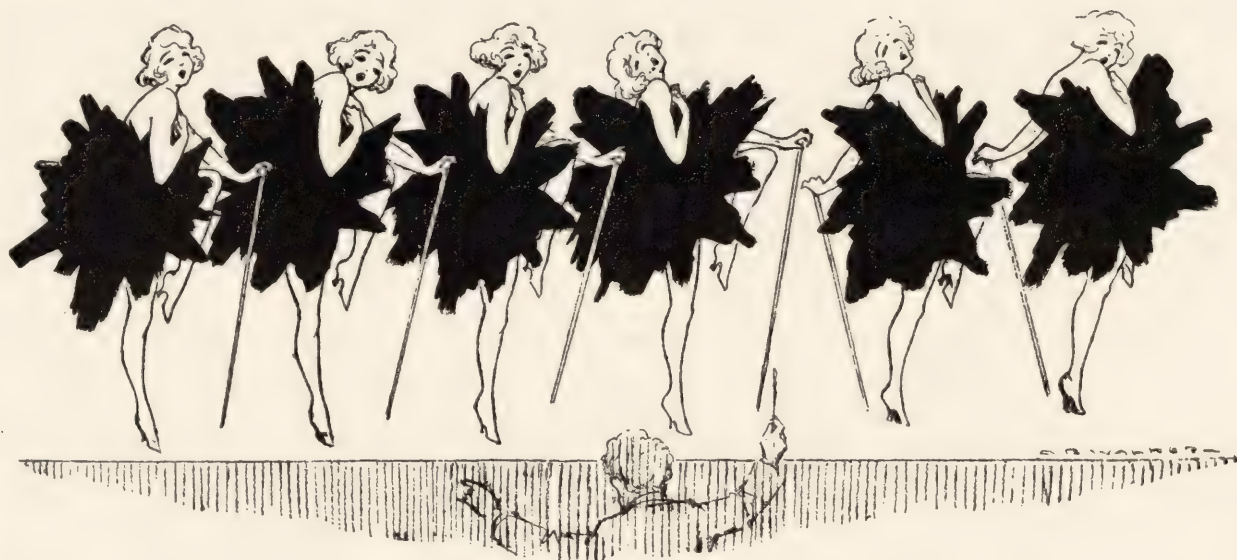
THE THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. G-123, 404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



"We are the musical comedy chorus;
Oh, we are the modern Eves,
The pulpit and press would bar us unless
We appeared in our censor leaves."

—Ernest Glendenning.

How Shakespeare Might Have Done "Antony and Cleopatra" To-day

The Avon Amusement Corporation
takes great pleasure in presenting

William Shakespeare's New Musical Comedy

HELLO, CLEOPATRA

With Cleopatra, Mark Antony and the Six (6) Stepping
Soothsayers

Book by William Shakespeare and Josephus Miller, pere

Music by G. Cleff

Lyrics by William Shakespeare

Dances by those that do them

Settings by the Stratford Easy Payments Furniture
Company

Entire production under the personal direction of William
Shakespeare

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mark Antony, a man of affairs	}triumvirs
Octavius Caesar		
M. Aemilius Lepidus		
Sextus Pompeius		
Eros	}friends to Antony
Scarus		
Et cetera		
Agrippa		
Dolabella	}friends to Caesar
Soothsayers.		
Bootleggers.		
Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.		
Octavia, sister to Caesar and wife to Antony.		
Soldiers, messengers and attendants.		
Ladies of the chorus.		
Gentlemen of the chorus.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1

Scene 1—Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Scene 2—Rome. On the Forum.

Scene 3—Cleo's houseboat on the Nile.

Scene 4—In the shadows of the Pyramids.

ACT 2

Scene 1—A street in Rome.

Scene 2—The divorce court in Renuis.

Scene 3—The same as Act, 1, Scene, 1.

Scene 4—The palace at Rome.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT 1

Opening Ensemble.....Cleopatra and Ensemble
Just the Two of Us.....Harry and Cleopatra
Lend Me Your Ears and I'll Play Some Jazz

Mark and Jazz Band

Specialty.....Six (6) Stepping Soothsayers
Paddlin' Down the Nile.....Cleopatra and Girls
I'm a Roman Romeo.....Mark
If the Spinx Could Talk.....Eros, Scarus and Et cetera
When the Pyramids Crumble to Dust. Mark and Cleopatra

ACT 2

Rome Wasn't Built in a Day.....Mark and Ensemble
You Know You Belong to Me.....Octavia
Specialty.....Six (6) Stepping Soothsayers
Why Should I Cry over This Onion?.....Octavia
Oh, That Wicked Camel Driver, 'E Gyp Me.....Harry
Specialty.....The Ebony Jazzarimba Band
What Are You Doing When It's Nighttime in Italy, Cleo?

Mark
I Got the Throw Away the Wineglass Step up on the
Wagon Blues.....Cleo
To-morrow's Our Wedding Day.....Mark and Cleo
Finale.....Everybody
Soldier Costumes by the Stratford Boiler Works.
Canoes through the courtesy of the Avon Rowing Assn.

ROBERT CYRIL O'BRIEN.



Free Book about Baldness that Everyone Should Have

Men and Women Who Are Losing Their Hair—Men Who Are Facing Baldness—Should Send at Once for My Free Book About a New Way to Grow Hair in 30 Days—Or No Cost!

By **ALOIS MERKE**

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



After 17 years' experience in treating baldness—which included many years in Heidelberg, Paris, Berlin, Geneva and other centers of scientific research—I have discovered a startling new way to promote hair growth.

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New

York—which I founded—stage and social celebrities have paid as high as \$500 for the results my new treatment brought them. Yet now I have made it possible for every one to avail themselves of my methods—right in their own homes and at a cost of only a few cents a day!

My startling new book reveals the whole secret of my method—and shows how hundreds have already regained hair this new way. This book, which contains much helpful information on the care of the hair, will be sent you—entirely free—if you merely mail the coupon.

My Unusual Guarantee

I know you are skeptical. I know you have wasted time and money on treatments which, by their very nature, could NEVER restore your hair. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you either. I don't know. But I DO know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of

others. I DO know it has given a new growth of hair to people who had long ago given up hope. And I'm so downright positive it can do the same for you that I want you to try it entirely at my risk—and if it FAILS to restore your hair, then I'll instantly and gladly mail you a check refunding every penny you have paid me. My new free booklet explains fully just how I can afford to absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—or the test is free. Send for it now.

Entirely New Method

My method is entirely different from anything you ever heard of. No massaging, no singeing, no "mange cures," no unnecessary fuss of any kind. Yet results are usually noted with the very first few treatments.

My method proves that in a great many cases of falling hair and baldness, the hair roots are NOT dead, but merely DORMANT! I found in many cases that through undernourishment, dandruff, etc., these starving roots had literally gone into a state of "suspended animation." Yet no matter how thin the hair may be, it is now possible in a great number of cases to AWAKEN these dormant roots and stimulate an entirely new growth of hair! I KNOW this to be true, for I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed to grow hair because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow you would not rub "growing fluid" on the leaves. Instead, you would treat the roots. And so it is with the hair.

In all the world there is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and stimulating them to new activity. And this method is embodied in the treatment I now offer you on my positive guarantee of satisfactory results or the trial costs you nothing. The treatment can be taken in any home in which there is electricity.

Remember, I do not ask you to take any risk whatever. My treatment, as my interesting free book will prove, has already grown new hair for thousands of others. If it can't do the same for you then the trial costs you nothing. I don't want your money unless I actually grow new hair on your head. And you're to be the sole judge.

Mail Coupon for Free Book

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation of any kind—the new 32-page book entitled, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow." This not only describes my treatment in detail but it is full of helpful information on the hair, and contains all the latest scientific knowledge on hair culture. Already this vitally interesting book has shown thousands of others the way to new hair. And no matter how thin your hair may be, no matter how many different treatments you have taken without results, it is sure to prove of deepest interest to you. Mail the coupon now, before the present limited edition is exhausted.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.

Dept. 83 512 Fifth Avenue, New York

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, INC.
Dept. 83, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

City.....State.....



WHERE BEAUTY IS SHIN DEEP

by Walter Prichard Eaton

HERE we were engaged in the arduous and frigid task of filling the ice house when the letter came from the editor of JUDGE. "We are getting out a musical comedy number," he said. "Can't you give us something along those lines?" Good Lord! As if it weren't hard enough to haul around hundred-pound cakes and heave 'em up into an ice house, without having to come in at night and try to keep awake writing about musical comedy. An ice house is no proper preparation for the appreciation of musical comedy, anyhow. Though we have heard of cases in which the spectators of certain musical comedies might profit-

ably have adjourned to the ice house.

One reason why we find it difficult to write about musical comedy is that this is a book page. It is supposed to be concerned with literature. And not since the late lamented W. S. Gilbert ceased writing has musical comedy had even the remotest connection with literature. To be sure, musical comedies are supposed to have what are quaintly called "books," as well as what are even more quaintly called "lyrics." But we stand by our statement, though the ice house fall.

Another reason why we find it difficult is because we haven't seen a musical comedy for about ten years. Well, not all through, anyhow. We haven't seen a "Follies" since the War, we haven't seen a Fred Stone show since Montgomery died, we have never seen Mary Eaton. We planned to, when she first toe-danced into prominence, but after getting a shot at her picture, we knew nobody so good looking ever came out of our branch of the family, and pride kept us away. Pride and a lean purse. The truth of the matter is, we can't afford to go to musical comedy. And we are not sure we would if we could. Fred Stone is an amusing person, but even so we can get a whole lot more

fun out of eleven dollars than watching him. For that matter, we can get more excitement out of seven dollars than gazing upon Mr. Ziegfeld's chorus. Possibly that means we are getting old. Yet we have observed quite as many old codgers of fifty, willing to pay for a peep at pulchritude as we have observed students of church schools and colleges. We fancy statistics would show that the average age of the males in attendance upon "Artists and Models" is some years above that of sophomores. Somebody has wisely observed that a woman is as young as she looks, and a man is young as long as he looks. Musical comedy seems to prove, then, that most of us grow younger and younger as the years creep on.

BUT if our poverty has kept us from attendance at musical comedies of late, in fact, ever since the managers stopped ticket speculating [shouts of derisive laughter], it has not prevented us from meandering along the Gay White Way and gazing at the photograph racks in front of the theaters. We recommend this pastime highly. It is cheap, and by practicing it you avoid both the music and the comedy, and achieve what with no vulgar intent we may call the meat of the entertainment. You see the girls, if not in the flesh (again, with no vulgar intent), at least in excellent photographs, which ought to satisfy anybody in this age of movies. You can observe, too, all the latest modes of dress (we speak in a Pickwickian sense), and if you are from remote parts, can carry the styles back to the home town, where they will cause much comment. You can see just how to wear a black lace Spanish shawl to cover the law (as it were), and throw the remaining 99.99 per cent. of white epidermis into brilliant contrast. You can learn how to make a neat and inexpensive apron out of one of those rattan bead curtains which used to be affected in rural parts, or even out of some rye straw from the barn, and a bodice out of a discarded hair ribbon. Shoes are not worn with this costume, which is a great saving.

You may even get some new ideas for a curtain, to replace the one in your town hall, painted in 1892 and depicting an Italian villa with a poster for Adam's Tutti Frutti pasted on the garden wall. The new curtain will be a living one, 1924 model. Place in the center of the stage,



The origin of the Winter Garden idea.

IF INTERESTED IN BUSINESS AND FINANCE, keep informed by reading the Bache Review, a ten minute weekly summary of the business and financial situation. It focuses and interprets currents of to-day and indicates their trend. Sent to business men for three months, without charge.



J. S. BACHE & CO.

42 Broadway

New York City


well front, an old rowboat, covered with a piece of silk. This is Beauty's Barge. Induce the ducky who mows your lawn to put on a breech clout and stand in the stern, armed with a pole. Persuade the prettiest girl in town to wrap herself tight in two yards of cheese cloth, of a delicate pink shade, and stand haughtily in the bow. Dole out one yard apiece of cheese cloth to as many other village belles as you can round up, and dispose them in graceful attitudes on either side of the boat. They are Beauty's attendants. Some, perhaps, are mermaids, and pull on the painter.

This living curtain, which is one of the important modern developments in the musical comedy art, will cause much discussion in your home town. It will be seen that you are up to date, and a lover of beauty. Other things, also, may be said. But don't mind that. Remember that those who say them rush to the hotel ticket stand the minute they hit New York and joyously submit to being shaken down for seven bones to see "Artists and Models" or the "Follies."

YES, musical comedy serves a useful purpose, and we have no intention of getting moral about it. God forbid, as the atheist said. In the first, and we are not sure it isn't the foremost place, it has resulted in a tremendous improvement in the standards of feminine architecture. When I was a boy, we were still in a heavy, Doric period. Amazons in tights, usually carrying spears, marched and countermarched about the stage, and their combined weight must have been something incalculable. The percentage of knock-knees, too, was inordinately high. You prayed that they would not dance, and they never did. They could not. In later years I used to wonder what became of these huge and ungainly creatures, until I chanced to attend a so-called burlesque show—and there they all were. I am told, however, that now even burlesque demands a more delicate style.

In the *fin de siècle* nineties, the days of "Floradora" and "The Belle of New York" and "The Geisha," skirts were the vogue, even in musical comedy. In those days it was a bold minx who even wore silk stockings on the street, and practically a hussy who displayed more than two inches of them boarding a car. Chorus girls were then chorus ladies, or show girls, and when the haughty and elegant creatures condescended to dance, there were just vague hints displayed of ruffles and silk. We knew anticipation then, rather than fulfillment. And the show girls were not amazons. They were generally tall, but a fat one could not manipulate the *frou frou* stuff and get away with it.

Then came the pony ballets, by way of contrast, and to inject something more lively in the dance steps. The ponies were hard-working little things, who always wore a grin, and not a very great deal else, and went off stage in a line,



"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"

— all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

twirling their footlights legs in unison, like so many loose-jointed pump handles. But the fact that they were small and agile pleased everybody. Slenderness, agility, had been achieved as an ideal; and when to the grief of Percy Hammond, who cried out that knees were a joint, not an entertainment, the twentieth century began to dispense with tights as well as skirts, and to recognize the existence of the epidermis, it was as if architecture had stripped itself of all ornament, and demanded to be judged on its sheer merit of line. The public was forced to add a new ideal—beauty, grace, perfection of form. A man who has been to the "Follies," we are sure, can never again regard a fat wife with exactly the same feelings as before. That may be why so many modern women are making heroic efforts to reduce.

If so, and if they succeed, we say musical comedy is a boon to the race.

If we wanted to get serious about musi-

cal comedy as an art, we'd point out to you clearly, in a few well chosen words, how jazz has made it impossible to continue the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition. You cannot have musical value in a score till you have variety of rhythm again, and you cannot have lyrics of any real point and charm until you have variety of rhythm and dignity of musical themes. But we don't want to get serious. That is Professor Nathan's job. All we want is to get back to the ice house and finish packing it. And if we haven't written enough to fill our space, the editor can jolly well clip a couple of jokes out of the *Harvard Lampoon*, the editor of which, by the way, doubtless knows seven times more about musical comedy than we do.



If theater prices continue to advance, the audience will have to give up wearing clothing too.



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ESTABLISHED CHICAGO 1876

**MENTHOL HOREHOUND
COUGH DROPS**

loosen the tight feeling and clear the throat. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes. Stop that tickle.

BUNTE BROTHERS • CHICAGO

More Money

You have the location for this 5c Mint Vender where it can earn \$25 to \$50 a week clear profit. Requires no attention. Pays out generously to patrons and so is played constantly. Your profit sure.

Or make around \$100 a week by owning a few Venders which you rent out on 50% commission. Machine operators are making fortunes this year.

Free Folder giving low cash price and description of this money-getter. Write for it today. Dept. C-19



American Novelty Co., 2455 Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**They all say
GLOVER'S
does the Business**

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."

For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

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127-29 West 24th Street New York City

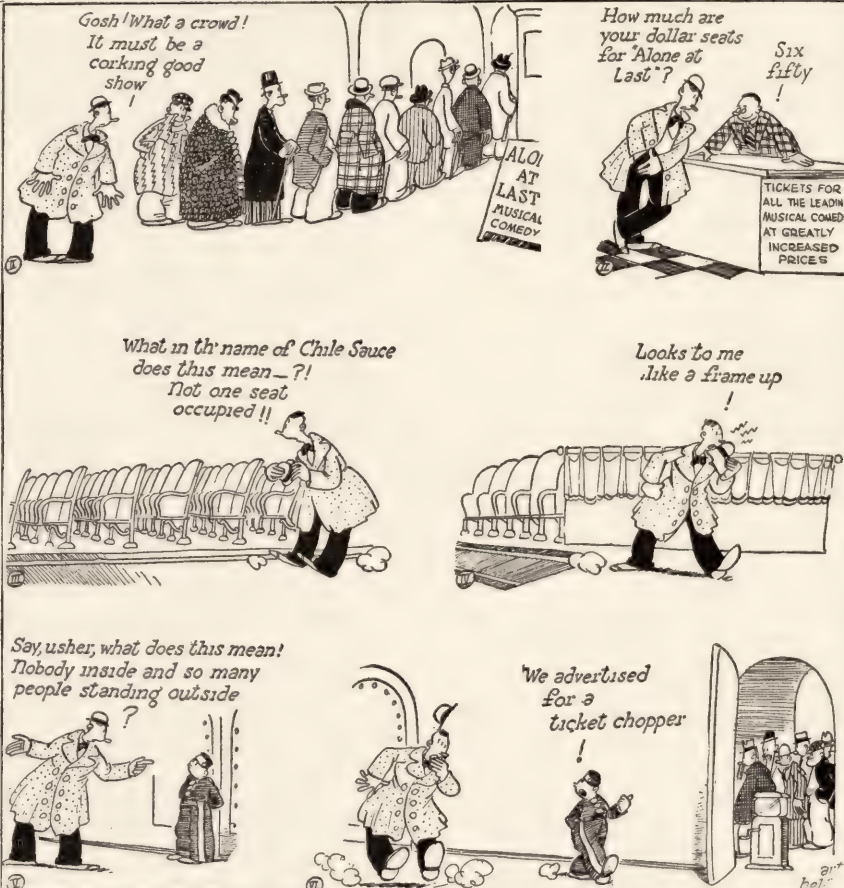
PIMPLES

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. \$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E.S. GIVENS, 224 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS**
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



Gosh! What a crowd!
It must be a corking good show!

How much are your dollar seats for 'Alone at Last'?

Six fifty!

TICKETS FOR ALL THE LEADING MUSICAL COMEDIES AT GREATLY INCREASED PRICES

ALONE AT LAST MUSICAL COMEDY

What in the name of Chile Sauce does this mean—?!
Not one seat occupied!!

Looks to me like a frame up!

Say, usher, what does this mean!
Nobody inside and so many people standing outside

We advertised for a ticket chopper!

A traveling salesman once took in a musical comedy.



An Irishman's petting party.

Mammied

A bed-time tale of a tired business man who discovered what made him tired

ONCE upon a time (said Grandma) there was a tired business man. Now, as you all know from reading the truthful advertisements of musical comedies, they are designed, not for tired business men, but for the tired business man, and the one of whom I speak was the very one the advertisements meant. He was so tired they called him Kelly Springfield.

Now the strange part was this: *He had never been to a musical comedy.* That was why the kind-hearted managers were advertising like that. They spent fabulous fortunes on billposters, in the hope that he might see one and be benefited. Their one ambition was to revive his drooping spirits.

Sure enough, one day he *did* see one (relieved gasp from listeners), and as he was not only tired, but was also a business man, he thought it was wrong that all that money should be wasted. So he bought a ticket for a musical comedy, although I am sure that Mr. Jolson, who was appearing in the play, would gladly have given him a ticket for nothing.

Well (and I hope you *are* all well), he heard a song in that musical comedy which completely altered his life. The song was sung (which is a way songs sometimes have) by a black-face comedian, who shall be nameless, except that I give you a hint by saying that his initials are Al J., and if you are clever enough to guess who it is, you shall receive a free grand-stand seat at the coronation of Henry Ford as King of Ireland. The song dealt with a rag-jag singer, buck-an'-winger, who's agoin' to tell his Uncle Sammy that he's goin' to see his Mammy down in the cotton at Alabammy. The business man thought for a moment that the author of the words had missed a bet in not rhyming "cotton" with "rotten," but when he observed the enthusiasm of the rest of the audience, he realized that the fault lay with himself.

He now understood that he had always been so tired because he had not been hearing songs of this kind, and he determined to turn over a new leaf. Hereafter he would not only hear these songs regularly; he would live according to the ideals they express.

The following day he failed in business, because

He gave all his money

For some flapjacks with honey, the flapjacks gave him indigestion, and there is now a monument to his memory in the State Insane Asylum where he spent many happy hours, my darlings.

My, my, my (said Grandma), you've fallen asleep, you naughty children. If you don't see the importance of vitally significant songs, how do you ever expect to—

But at this point Grandma was overcome by emotion.

AL JOLSON.

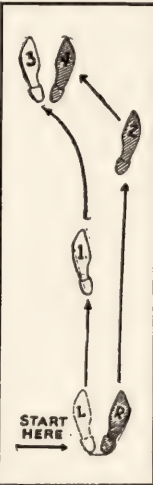
Don't Be A Wall Flower!

See How Easily You Can Become a Good Dancer —This New Way!

Arthur Murray has perfected a method through which you can learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, any of the latest steps in a few minutes—and all of the latest dances in a short time. Instructions are so simple that even a child can quickly master them without assistance, and an entire family can learn from the one set of instructions. In one evening you can master the steps of any single dance. Partner or music are unnecessary. After learning you can dance with the most perfect dancer and not make a single mistake.

5 Dancing Lessons Free

About 5,000 people a month are learning to become perfect dancers through Arthur Murray's methods, and so sure is he that you will feel delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented, for a limited time only, to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.



These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for the five lessons to-day—they are free. Just enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay the cost of postage, printing, etc., and the free lessons will be promptly mailed to you. These five free lessons are (1) The Secret of Leading; (2) How to Follow Successfully; (3) How to Gain Confidence; (4) A Fascinating Fox Trot Step; (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today, Arthur Murray, Studio 162, 801 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



Posed by Aileen Meehan, celebrated dancer and Arthur Murray, the world's foremost dancing instructor.

Arthur Murray, Studio 162
801 Madison Ave., New York City

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

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Name

City State

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Learn at Home by wonderful print-and-picture method that teaches in half usual time. Far superior to private teachers. Simple as A, B, C—a child can master it. Your lessons consist of real selections instead of tiresome exercises. When you finish one of these delightfully easy lessons you've added a new "piece" to your list. You read real notes too—no "numbers" or trick music. Method is so thorough that many of our 300,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.

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Pyorrhoea

Inflammation of the gums, otherwise known as Riggs' Disease, or Pyorrhoea, is a modern menace of mankind. Every reputable dentist will tell you that treated as a local disease it is incurable. All local operations are a cruel delusion. Pulling teeth cannot eradicate it. Eventually the unfortunate patient cannot use his artificial teeth because the plates over the inflamed and cherry-red gums cause him untold agony. The difficulty of mastication leads to poor nutrition, to various forms of disease, to hospitalizations, to irritability, to tragedies, to premature death.

MEDICAL METHODS CHANGED



Progressive dentists and physicians will tell you that correct constitutional methods are a success. We will send you a reprint of an article as far back as November, 1919, in the Dental Digest, "Pyorrhoea Corrected by Suitable Nutrition," written by Alfred Walton, M.D., who cured his own pyorrhoea in a few days, having his teeth and gums

tested before and afterwards by well known professors at dental colleges. He used our method.

Pyorrhoea is catarrh of the gums and the cause is the same as the cause of catarrh elsewhere in the human body.

Butter, cheese, oil, eggs, salt, in excess or in wrong combinations, or any fermenting foods, produce mucus which, in its passage through the body, causes trouble in the stomach (gastritis), or in the bowels (colitis), or near the appendix (appendicitis), or in the tonsils (tonsillitis), or in the throat, bronchial tubes (bronchitis, asthma), or in the nose (rhinitis), and also is pushed out between the gums and teeth, producing a catarrhal condition the mucus exudes and forms pus pockets, abscesses. The ferocious PYORRHOEA, which loosens the teeth. The fermented waste or mucus produces pus which excoriates "pus pockets" and poisons the person's every morsel of food.

The teeth have had nothing to do with the whole process from beginning to end, except that their very existence provides a natural channel in the gums along which the mucus exudes and forms pus pockets, abscesses.

Avoid mucus-making foods. Eat, as needed, suitable brain-and-nerve nourishing, solvent, laxative foods, etc. To increase brain power for special occasions at will is the first step towards seeing the way to multiplying wealth.

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Shooting Big Game in Nebraska

A Hitherto Unpublished Chapter in the Autobiography of

W. C. FIELDS

EVERYBODY, I suppose, recalls the triumphant tour I made with Professor Josiah Flint's Monster Minstrels and Medicine Exposition across Nebraska in the fall of 1776, during which I learned to play Rachmaninoff's Prelude faster than it has ever been played on the zither, before or since. But few remember, I wager, my narrow escape from death on that tour. If, in fact, anybody remembers it, it is most extraordinary, for I am making up the story now as I go along.

We—the artistes with Professor Flint—moved in a caravan of buggies and wagons, and on the trip out of Lincoln, where my mastery of the zither had taken the town by storm, the buggy in which I and the Wild Man from Borneo rode, was the last. When we came to the river near Lincoln, the name of which is so well known that I see no need of repeating it, it was still high-water at the ford, and the Wild Man, who was a patient kind of fellow, and I decided to wait until the dry season before attempting to cross. While we sat there we heard shots and presently saw some men shooting at something in the river.

"Friends," I called, "what are you shooting at?"

"At a body," they replied, "the body of a blond man."

"Well," I said, "lend me a rifle. I will shoot at this body, too."



Mlle. Jekyl and Mrs. Hyde.



"Why is it that you have never tried musical comedy?"
"Because I was brought up to believe that little girls should be seen and not heard!"

They lent me a rifle and we all sat down on the bank together and shot at the head, which was all that remained on the surface of the water. There was lots of ammunition and an evening was passed very interestingly. I started to ask once whose body it was, but decided not to. After all, I was only a guest.

At length, though, I suggested that we pull the target in, patch it up and set it out again.

"It must be getting ragged," I said. A tall fellow with a straggly beard and I rowed out to the middle of the river. To my surprise we found nothing but the head.

"Hello," I exclaimed, "there's nothing but a head here. No body at all."

"What," the tall man ejaculated, "Nobody?"

"Nope," I said, "not a soul!" He clucked his tongue.

"This is a pretty howdydo," he said. We rowed ashore and told his companions. They were much disappointed.

Quite obviously the sport was off for the day. I returned to the Wild Man, who chided me for taking part in such a scene.





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Years and years and years passed. I had quite forgotten the incident. It was late in the fall of 1923 when I next heard of it. I was in the Crystal Room at the Ritz. Sitting at the next table were two men, one of whom I seemed to recall vaguely. But I was so successful that I decided not to remember him. Then I heard my name mentioned. Apologizing to the waiter I got down and put my ear to the floor, a trick I had learned from the Indians. I heard this conversation:

"That's funny."

"What?"

"Seeing W. C. Fields here."

"You're crazy, man. Fields is dead. We killed him."

"Yes," said the tall man, "I know it. That's why it's so funny."

I rose and went over to them. "Pardon my glove," I said, "but I am W. C. Fields. Why do you think I am dead?"

The tall man rose. "Well, well, well," he exclaimed. "What a coincidence. You are the man who shot with us at Fields's head in that well-known river in Nebraska, aren't you?"

Well, explanations were in order. It was plain that an error had been made. There were no hard feelings. They told me, and I sympathized and understood, that they were zither players. They were in fact fanatics on the art of the zither. They had resented my record-breaking rendition of the Prelude on the zither and had intended to make me an example. Happily, somebody else had fallen into their clutches. I learned later that it was Rachmaninoff.

"Well," I said, "it was zither his life or mine."

I realized then what a narrow escape I had had, but bygones were bygones, and those two men, both excellent zither players, are to-day my best friends.

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AT DONNYBROOK FAIR

"You keep yer nose out av this, Tim Feeley! 'Tis Ladies' Day!"

"The — Girl"—(Continued from page 13)

III

old days they used to exercise much more invention and would periodically change the word "girl" to "maid," but to-day they feel that there is no necessity for going to so much trouble.

Eleanor Painter is the star of "The Chiffon Girl." Her voice is as beautiful as of yore, although I wish she wouldn't always keep her left foot at a sharp right angle from her ankle when she sings. A trivial thing, but musical comedy actresses who do it are not to my elevated taste.

II

BY ALL such persons as admire the "The — Girl" musical shows, my own admiration (often regrettably expressed with a little too much noise) for coon music shows is held to be but another of my many affectations. "Runnin' Wild" is a colorado-madura show. Although it is not one-half so good as either "Shuffle Along" or "Liza," it is fifty times better than any white "Chiffon Girl" that I have laid eyes on. It has been playing in New York for some time now, but I have been keeping it in reserve that I might brighten up this weekly page with some praise, albeit comparative, when another of the "The — Girl" things came along.

Why it should be considered an affectation to admire colored merit as against Caucasian demerit, none of the volumes on higher philosophy reposing in my library seems to be able to inform me. The headwaiter at the Ritz may prefer a certain talentless white music show star currently playing in New York to Florence Mills, but inasmuch as it is not one of my ambitions to be the headwaiter at the Ritz, I can't persuade myself to any such point of view. We have too much Ku Klux criticism as it is. If it is an affectation to like a good dinge show as opposed to a bad paleface show, then I confess myself to be a poseur in the grand manner.

TWO DRAMATIC exhibits have been uncovered in the week of which I write: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters in the title rôles, and a comedy by the MM. Gropper and Hammerstein called "New Toys." The Shakespearian presentation goes to pieces on its Antony. To brew a particularly low pun, the production is hoist by its own Peters. The quickest and politest way to describe the latter's Antony is simply to say that it is something terrible and then shut up. Therefore, consider it said. La Cowl's Cleopatra, on the other hand, while not to be compared with her admirable Juliet and but slightly less admirable Mélisande, is all that the M. Peters' performance is not. Yet for all its sharp penetration of the rôle, its uncommon intelligence and its careful projection, it must be confessed that it possesses very little theatrical warmth. If the performance is lacking in this warmth to a reviewer who believes in its creative integrity, how must its intellectual chill impress the layman who has thought of Cleopatra from boyhood up as a combination of cooch dancer and Palmolive Soap advertisement?

"New Toys" tries as hard to be popular as a ward politician. It tries so hard, indeed, that the patience of the onlooker is worn out before the evening is half over. A reboiling of the materials of "The First Year," "It's a Boy" and a dozen other plays, it resolves itself into an obvious and luke-warm transcript of the box office hokums of two and three years ago. The authors have worked like longshoremen to capture "the tear that lurks behind the smile," but the chief moisture that they achieve is their own copious perspiration.

Ernest Truex is the star of the piece and works very hard.

A Pipe Dream

TO-NIGHT only! Grand musical comedy medley entitled, "The Good Old Days, and a Little Later." First part: Selections from "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" and "Twirly Whirly," with the following cast: Jos. M. Weber, Lew M. Fields, Peter F. Dailey, William Collier, Charles A. Bigelow, Lillian Russell, John T. Kelly, Fay Templeton, Louise Allen and Bessie Clayton. Back drop will represent Weber & Fields Music Hall, Broadway, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth streets.

Second part: Edna May as "The Belle of New York." Frank Daniels in clever bits from "The Idol's Eye," Eddie Foy as "Mr. Blue Beard," DeWolf Hopper as "Wang," with Della Fox, Fred A. Stone as a scarecrow and David C. Montgomery as a tin woodman, assisted by Lotta Faust and Bessie Wynn in "The Wizard of Oz." Miss Faust, as Tryxie Tryfle, "prospective queen of the Emerald City," will extend two beautiful arms toward some gentleman in a right-hand box and sing very sweetly: "Samm-ie, oh, oh, oh, Samm-ie, there's something do-ing up-on my heart!" May Irwin in selections from "Mrs. Black Is Back," Williams and Walker in byplay from "Abyssinia," Frank Moulan as "the Sultan of Sulu" and many others including Eva Tanguay, Sam Barnard, Edna Wallace Hopper, Ward and Vokes, the Roger Brothers, Marie Jansen, Francis Wilson, Frank Lalor, Marie Cahill, all in bygone bits of bygone days. The Four Cohans, Josephine, Helen F., Jerry J. and George M., in selections from "Running for Office," and "The Governor's Son." The Rays will give a few slams from "A Hot Old Time." The Florodora Sextette" will render a selection, and "The Merry Widow" waltz will be introduced. De Wolf Hopper will render "Casey at the Bat" by request and will be congratulated in the wings by his friend, Nat Goodwin. The performance will close with brief scenes from "The Black Crook" and "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

Ticket speculators will be all about near the entrance of the lobby and \$1.50 tickets may be bought of them for \$5 each.

WILLIAM SANFORD.

The Sustained Note

I MET a year or so ago

A sylph demure and country-bred;
"What's your vocation, dear?" I asked,
"I'm in the chorus, sir," she said.

"The work is very, very hard,
It's almost more than I can bear."
And then she added wistfully,
"My voice is worse than wasted there!"

But when, impressed, I had become

Her friend and impresario,

Alas! I found, and all too soon,

The only note she knew was *dough!*

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

Why is Marriage so often a Failure?

Statistics accredited to Judge Ben B. Lindsey, widely known Western jurist indicate marriage is a failure. Ignorance of sex facts, often determining factor in unhappy marriages.



Note: We refer to statistics accredited to Judge Lindsey in a newspaper article dated in New York, Jan. 3, 1923.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy bride today. Too soon a mother, then more children. The result—overwork, strained constitution, broken health, unhappiness and too often a divorce. Why is this so often the case? Why should marriage convert a healthy, normal girl into a tired, old woman? Why should such conditions exist? Why not a continuous, happy married life, with children in proportion to the mother's strength and the means of the family? Is it ignorance of sex matters, birth control and the vital problems that have to do with a happy, well regulated married life?

The constantly increasing ratio of divorces to marriage is regarded with serious alarm by the foremost social investigators of the country. Among these, Judge Lindsey, the widely known Western jurist, cites statistics which virtually prove marriage a failure from a social standpoint.

Ignorance regarding sex matters seems to be the keynote of unhappiness and it is believed that the only remedy possible is a widespread knowledge of all intimate sex facts. Of particular interest, in such a social crisis is the remarkable volume, "Standard Sex Knowledge," a new and limited edition of which is being widely distributed by the Standard League of Topeka, Kansas, to combat the appalling ignorance of sex matters. This remarkable book boldly and plainly treats of sex matters. Such as Birth Control, Limitation of Offspring, Sterilization, Sex Determination, Sexual Indulgence, Preventive Methods, Immorality in Marriage, Sex advice to Young Men, Young Women, and Expectant Mothers and many other subjects are explained,

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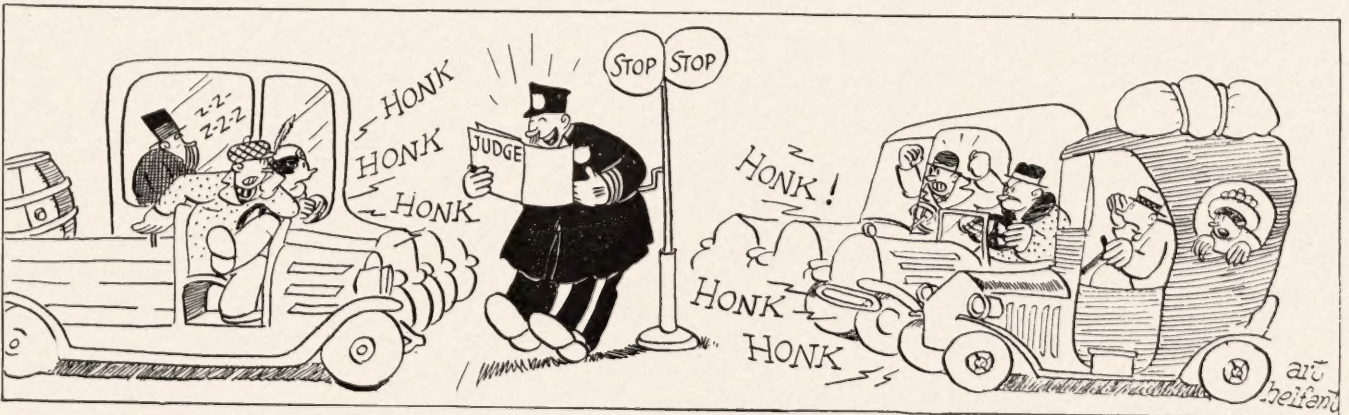
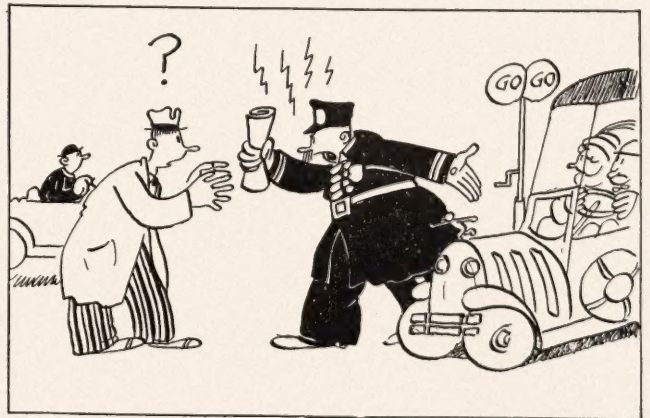
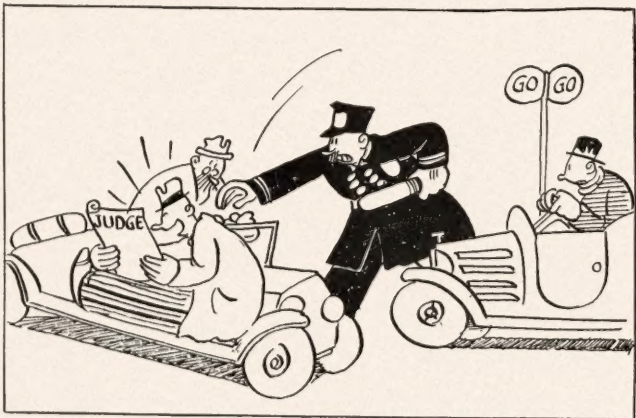
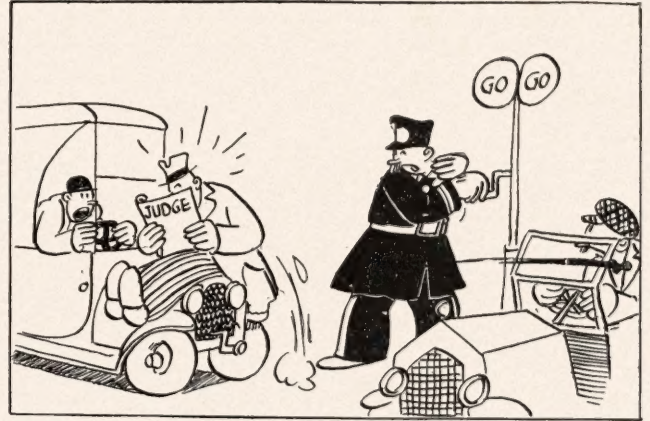
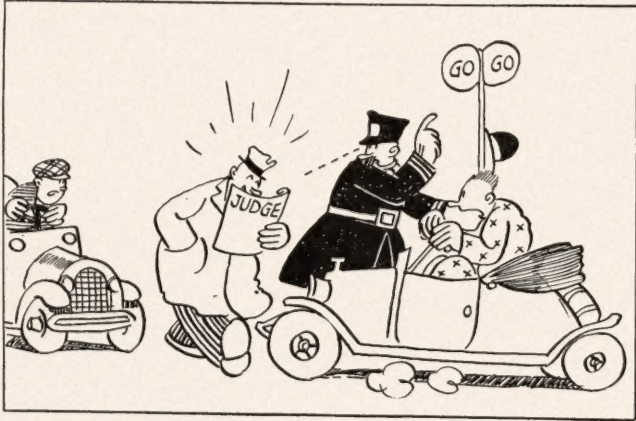
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